
A QUARTER of an HOUR's
AMUSEMENT.

By W. N. H.



A

QUARTER of an HOUR's
AMUSEMENT.

BY W. N. *Hart Esq^r*

Nor Fame I flight, nor for her Favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.

POPE.

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PREFACE.

THE author of the following sheets having occasionally, to employ a leisure moment, written several trifles, some of which have been inserted in the Monthly Mirror, a friend (whose judgement would do honour to any effusion of genius) expressed a desire to see the whole of them collectively in print:—to the earnest entreaties of that friend is to be ascribed the publication of this little work.

The author would deem himself wanting in the most essential points of propriety, were he to omit thus publicly acknowledging the extreme politeness and attention which he has invariably received from the Editor of the Monthly Mirror.

The articles marked thus § have been inserted by the author, at different periods, in the Monthly Mirror:—the rest have never before appeared in print.



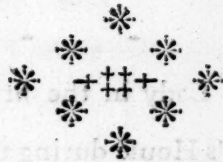
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"Trifles light as Air."

§ AN OLD SAYING MISAPPLIED.

ONE, who when ask'd, could not comply,
Exclaim'd "I've other fish to fry:"
A Frenchman who o'erheard the saying,
Soon misapplied it this odd way in—
"I would do dat vich you do vish,
But I must go and fry some fish."

THE SCANTY WARDROBE.

A wag not overstock'd with cloaths,
With waistcoat fine, or filken hose;
Had but one coat.—But one, you cry?
'Tis fact upon my verity:

But wishing to seem over neat,
 His wit supply'd a quaint conceit.
 Each morn his man was heard to say,
 "What will your honor wear to-day?"
 "What wear to-day? ay, that is true;
 Why, it looks fine—well, *brush my blue.*"

A SPECIMEN OF EVASION.

A waiter once at tavern liv'd hard by,
 Who ne'er was known to give direct reply.
 A buck of some conceit a wager laid,
 He'd put a question which he'd not evade:
 "Waiter, does Mr. — dine here to-day?"
 "He din'd here, fir, I think 'twas yesterday."

THE QUIBBLE.

Some friends were met to take a social treat,
 The plates before the fire were plac'd for heat:
 Says Will to Ned, "a guinea I will bet,
As near as you I tell what plates are set."

"Done, exclaims Ned; I say, fifteen; what you?"

"Fifteen, (says Will) and win your guinea too."

"Pooh, pooh," cried Ned. "That your bet's lost 'tis clear,"

Retorted Will, "for I have guess'd *as near*."

THE CONSEQUENCES OF CONSEQUENCE.

Garters and stars!—for these who honor barter,
May curse his stars, and hang within his garters.

ON A LADY FISHING.

Where lovely Emma, is the grace
To torture thus the finny race?
Withhold thy hand, a nobler prize
Awaits the lustre of thine eyes:
If these the bait, full well I ken,
'Twere better far to fish for men.

On a gentleman who was rather extravagant, sending out some new silver pieces as a present to his nephew in the West Indies.

Harland a spendthrift !—I deny the charge :
 You say his purse is low, expences large.
 'Tis false—since thus with thriftiest on a par,
 He makes a little money go so far:

DRINKING AND SMOKING.

“ Bacchus; the laurel which thou long hast worn,
 Yield to the God of fair Virginia born :
 To me resign thy long usurped reign,
 You but distract, whilst I refine the brain.”

BACCHUS'S ANSWER.

“ Indeed, brother God, I shall do no such thing,
 Your vot'ries to Bacchus must other proofs bring;
 Your emblem's a pipe, brother—mine is the same ;
 We each have a right to a portion of fame ;
 But mistakes to prevent, we together will stand,
 And drinking and smoking shall go hand in hand.”

THE CONTRADICTION.

Jack Dash's coach, the heaviest of its kind,
 Displays two lamps before, and two behind :
 A paradox it seems, but 'tis most true,
 Jack's is the *heaviest* coach, and *lightest* too.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

O grant me aid,—no friends have I,
 From whom I ought can borrow ;
 My heart is broke, I soon must die,
 The hapless child of sorrow.

There was a time when flatt'ry's lore
 Whisper'd I had no failing !
 But now alas ! that time is o'er,
 And I am left bewailing.

Full well I know that I have been
 Too careless of the morrow :
 With pity view my former sin,
 Relieve the child of sorrow.

ON THE NEW PEERAGE.

The Lords of the Creation very truly
 Men always styl'd are, o'er beasts and brutes unruly:
 Little avails your new acquired station,—
 What are ye now, but *Lords of the Creation*?

THE GENTLEMEN IN WAITING.

To wait, Lord Debit tells his livery'd pages;
 Says Hal, "what's that for?" For, you fool—*their wages*.

*On a member of the Council of Five Hundred in France
 making a motion, that a law should be enacted in case any
 of the Directory should become insane.*

Why for a few thus start a plea
 To guard against insanity?
 There's madness sure in your oration,
 Since it's the case with all your nation.

On a member saying in the House of Commons, that we must give up our sideboards of plate to save British damsels from being ravished.

If sideboards must melt British damsels to save,
 'Twere useless on plate *our arms* to engrave:
 Old Sly says this plan doth all others surpass—
 Instead of the plate, put *your arms* round the *lafs*.

ON THE NEW TAX UPON WATCHES.

How hard this tax! *for me*, (such is my lot)
 My watch can *tick*---*I* for my watch cannot.

ON THE TAX UPON HATS.

Tho' taxes with unsparing hand are dealt,
 Yet this beyond all others will be *felt*.

ON THE TAX UPON DOGS.

Puppies in plenty---how much wish'd the tax,
 Did they but bear the mark upon their backs.

§ AN ASSEMBLY ROOM
COMPARED TO
A CAMPAIGN.

MR. EDITOR,

IN times like the present, when the *furor militaris* rages with uncommon violence, and infants just escaped from their leading-strings strut about, decked in their *paraphernalibus*, with as much consequence as any field marshal is entitled to assume, I think I shall be doing this *rising* generation of *heroes* a *piece* of service, by *pointing* out to them a mode of acquiring all the substantial knowledge of a campaign, without endangering their delicate limbs, or pouring over huge essays on military tactics, which, from their *tender* years, they cannot be

supposed to be able properly to digest. I shall therefore endeavour to make it appear, that a set of assembly rooms is a campaign in miniature, and that as much *military* knowledge may be acquired there in *one* night, as could have been obtained in the *two* last campaigns on the continent. A *ball* room, or room for *balls*, certainly gives one an idea of a repository for warlike stores; add to this the profusion of *powder* which is constantly brought into it. How many *engagements* take place in this little spot; how frequently parties *go off* in consequence of arrangements here, which circumstance often creates *surprise*, and not uncommonly is the cause of an *action*. Damsels with *blushing* hair, may certainly be said to carry *firelocks*, and should any be disappointed in a particular partner, you may expect to see them at *daggers drawn*. Pointing ~~to~~ a toe, is only marching according to Dundas's system, with this difference, that movement is executed by the help of music; while, according to late regulations in military manœuvres, the use of it is expressly pro-

hibited. When the tea drinking commences, you may hear the *rolls* called frequently, which certainly conveys a military idea: the card room affords abundant proof of my assertion. Here the *rifle-men* are posted, some at *picquet*, whilst others are engaged at *cribbage*; which, in a military sense, means plunder; a game that is often played in large armies!!! Here a young foldier must be *upon his guard*, and keep a *good look out*. *Volleys* of oaths are frequently discharged, which prove a great annoyance to *straggling parties*. By the *bones* that are scattered here and there, you may easily perceive that many a poor fellow has been *done up*.

Having laid before you the whole of my *military stores*, I trust you will have the goodness to give them a place in your valuable *magazine*.

§ THE LAMENTATION OF A CROP.

MR. EDITOR,

WELL assured of the liberality of the plan on which your Monthly Mirror is conducted, I cannot refrain making my unmerited grievances known thro' the channel of your amusing Magazine. To be brief, then, I have long entertained an unconquerable aversion for powder, and its concomitant pomatum : while every body wore powder, I thought it would appear singular were I to go without ; but when a new tax was laid on that article, *croppism* was becoming prevalent ; and as the summer was setting in, I consulted my pocket, fashion, and convenience, and became a *crop*. Would you believe it, Mr. Editor, the docking of my

hair has occasioned me more inconvenience than ever Samson experienced ; and, like him, I have brought a whole house over my head. The very day that "Tonfor Ego," had curtailed the exuberance of my locks, I was engaged to dine with a worthy family, who, among other good qualities, are violently attached to the present administration. Upon my entering the drawing room, I observed the *heads* of the family give a start of astonishment,—no doubt at seeing a *strange head* amongst them : little guessing the cause, I entered into conversation with all that friendly familiarity which a long acquaintance gives rise to ; a cold yes or no was all I could get in return : at length, the different whispers of " Horrid ! a Democrat ! I always thought he was a little in that way !"—convinced me that they were actively maintaining their rights, "*Pro Hairis et Focis* ;" not equal to withstand the attacks of so formidable a phalanx, I thought it best, like a prudent general, to retreat in good order, whispering to the master of the house, that I wished to say a word to

him ;—from him I learnt my fate, and though really a sensible man, yet was he so much impressed with the idea, that a crop must be a democrat, that I retired, in disgust, with the loss of my dinner, adjusting my hat on *that head* which had been the cause of so unexpected a disaster. As the harvest is about to set in, I snatch the opportunity at a time when we are all bound to pray for *good crops**, to make my grievances known :—in fact, I wish it to be ascertained through the medium of your universally circulated publication, that a cropped head, can contain as true a warmth of zeal, for a beloved monarch, and for his ministers, (when their conduct entitles them to it) as any head that ever adorned the shoulders of the most powdered monkey in the creation.

* Written in the month of August.

§ POOR MARY!

Prythee why so melancholy,
 Sighing cannot give him life?
 Cease, those tears are unavailing,
 Oh! thus early widow'd wife!
 Poor Mary!

He, obeying calls of honour,
 Nobly march'd into the field;
 Fierce his country's foes opposing,
 Fame his weapon; Love his shield—
 Brave fellow!

Thousands soon their fate lamenting,
 Hapless fought an early grave—
 Thou, alas! amongst the number!
 Deeds of valour could not save—
 Poor fellow!

Fare thee well thou gallant hero!
 Death hath struck a double blow:
 That same wound that stretch'd thee bleeding
 Soon will lay thy Mary low!
 Poor Mary!

§ *On a late Review of a Regiment of Cavalry, just returned from Ireland, the Trumpets of which were out of Order.*

The corps was drawn up in all due cavalcade,
 When the flourish of trumpets a hideous noise made—
 “From Hibernia’s fair land,” cried a waggish *Pat*-rogue,
 “By Jafus, the trumpets have all got the brogue.”

§ *On a Lady’s presenting the Author with a Seal which had the Figure of Hope upon it.*

When on the pliant wax this seal is laid,
 Hope with her various emblems is pourtray’d.
 Useless the gift —already on my mind
 You’ve made impresson of a deeper kind.
 My seal accept—I’ll place (my love to speak)
 Hope on my *lip*, and press it to your cheek.

§ *On a Lamplighter slipping off from his Ladder with his lighted Torch in his Hand.*

Though sorely bruise’d, you foolish elf,
 Why d—n the ladder, curse yourself?
 Good fortune this you e’en may call,
 Since you have had so *light* a fall.

§ *On Mr. Day a remarkable tall man, marrying a Miss Knight,
who was rather short.*

This match to me appears but right,
Though long the *Day* yet short the night.

§ ON. A NEW PEER.

“Nihil ex nihilo fit.”

“What *he* a lord?” quoth Hodge, “’tis wondrous queer,
“G-d surely never *made* him for a peer!!!”
Hodge you are right---the matter you have hit;
G-d had no hand in him---he’s *made* by Pitt.

§ THE DISTINCTION.

At public school, by chance, there were two lads,
Of the same name, but boasting different dads.
One’s father kept a tavern, fam’d for cheer,
The other’s was ’ycleped an auctioneer.
Mistakes to end, their schoolfellws so knowing,
Called the one (quaintly) *coming*, t’other *going*.

§ *A new Mode of paying Debts alphabetically.*

" 'Tis hard, Mr. Upton, but such is your fate,
 " 'Pon honor, some time for your money you'll wait."
 " God blefs me, good fir, I am fure you muft scoff,
 " I heard that your debts you were juft paying off."
 " In truth you are right, but my ticks being large,
 " By *alphabet* all I'm refolv'd to difcharge.
 " Tho' wifhing to give each tradesman his due,
 " I fear 'twill be long ere it reaches to *U*."

§ *On a Gentleman marrying a Mifs Rod.*

The wedded ftate has oft been ftyl'd
 The *ſcourge* of joys, 'tis odd
 Its chaftening hand tho' Damon knew,
 He bending kifs'd the *Rod*.

§ *Epitaph on any Card-Maker in the Kingdom.*

His *card* is cut—long days he *ſhuffled* through
 The *game* of life—he dealt as others do.
 Though he *by honours* tells not its amount,
 When the laſt *trump* is *play'd* his *tricks* will count.

A HINT TO GAMESTERS.

Accept this advice, ye who sit down to play,
The best *throw* o' the dice is to *throw them away*.

THE NEEDY GAMESTER.

"Last night," exclaim'd a swagg'ring buck,
"I lost *five thousand*---d---d hard luck!"
A paradox it seems, my lad,
To lose *that* which you *never had*!

HOSPITALITY.

The wind blows keen, fierce light'nings glare,
And thunder murmurs through the air:
O tarry here, and share with me
The gifts of hospitality.

I boast not here the show of state,
On me no liv'ried vassals wait;
But better far, attends on me,
Sweet smiling hospitality.

A simple meal you here will find,
 A bed, the coarsest of its kind;
 But slumbers sweet will wait on thee,
 When lull'd by hospitality.

THE SAPIENT MAYOR.

A wag, in merry freaks of much renown,
 Had hand-bills circulated round a town,
 And this their purport—"Guineas good as new
For ten and elev'n shillings, buy them, do."
 The Mayor heard this, observing, (who so deep?)
 "They must be counterfeit, they were *so cheap!*"
 The culprit straight is summon'd—Mr. Mayor
 With due pomposity then took the chair:
 "It seems," said he, with many a stately hem!
 "Thou counterfeit'st the money of this realm;
 Advance whate'er you can in your defence—
 If guilty, you must be committed hence."
 "Guilty," the wag exclaim'd---"pray, why so nice?
 Ten thousand I would sell at such a price—
 Lord help you, sir, you do not smoke the fun,
Ten and eleven sure make twenty-one!!!"

*On seeing a married Lady in the first Floor of a BREECHES-
MAKER'S House during the Procession to St. Paul's,
Dec. 19th, 1797.*

Laura, 'tis said, submissive, free,
Her husband's heart bewitches ;
But if I judge from what I see,
She surely wears the breeches.

Fortiter occupa Portum.——HOR.

Take your Port without flinching.——HART.

Hal says he's *low*, a drunken sot,
Thinks a *consumption* is his lot,
And sends for Doctor Fort :
The case is this—his purse is *low*,
And well I guess what makes it so,
Consumption 'tis of Port.

SUNT QUOS CURRICULO.

Ned his curricule sports---a dashing young man,
And says 'tis constructed upon a *new plan*.
With Ned were I willing a quarrel to pick,
I'd tell him 'twas on the *old plan*—upon tick.

THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER.

Her *piercing* eyes, her *killing* mein,
 Her *dying* swains, since her they've seen,
 Louisa boasts---I heard her.
 O, be advis'd, presuming fair,
 To break the sacred law, forbear—
 'Tis written---"Do no Murder."

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

Thou shalt not steal, the preacher cries—
 Fair Emma turn'd to me her eyes;
 Was this devotion, pray?
 It could not be—for by that look
 She broke the law of holy book,
 And *stole* my heart away.

On reading a Lampoon on a Mr. PARTRIDGE.

Perhaps, Mr. *Partridge*, it may not be true—
 But sure 'tis no libel to *make game of you*.

MY COUNTRYWOMEN.

Jove, King of Gods, in contemplative mood,
 One day consulting for poor mortals good,
 For Venus and Minerva straight did send :
 The Goddesſes the ſummons quick attend.
 From one he cull'd, grace, honour, wiſdom, ſenſe ;
 From th' other, beauty, ſoftneſs, innocence—
 Theſe he arrang'd; and with a heav'nly ſmile,
 Diſpers'd them floating o'er Britannia's iſle :
 " Be theſe (he cried) ye Britiſh fair, your own,
 And grace alike the cottage and the throne."

*On a Gentleman who was very much in Debt going to ſee a
 Malefactor executed.*

Hal, ever ſeeking ſomething new,
 Haſtens the dread effects to view
 Of legal retribution.
 This fight to ſee he need not roam—
 'Tis likely if he ſtay'd at home,
 He'd ſee an execution.

GENTLE READER,

THE fifteen minutes are expired---I am arrived at my finale. If in the perusal of the fore-going trifles, one smile of approbation has spread itself over your countenance, my little effusions are amply rewarded. Of this however I am fully confident, that although they may not have smoothed the brow of care, they cannot possibly have added one wrinkle to it.

FINIS.

